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COMING HOME.

Oh, brothers and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling
trees;
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from
school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat,
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deepening shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
And saw our homes in sight?

And brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face
That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low,
And that loving smile was hid from us
In the darkness long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on the home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done.

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hills of Paradise,
For her children's coming feet?

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUCOR.

The emotion caused by the strange apparition we described in the last chapter was gradually dissipated; minds regained their equilibrium, and ere long the travellers, reassured by each other's presence, laughed and jested at the terror they had felt. Two of them, however, more obstinate, or more affected than the rest, wished to detect the meaning of this extraordinary adventure, and, as if by common accord, though they did not communicate to each other the result of their reflections, they fetched their horses, mounted, and rushed into the forest from two opposite points. These two men were Don Aurelio Gutierrez and the Canadian adventurer, known as the Sumach.

Their absence was long, and their comrades impatiently awaited their return for several hours. At length they reappeared, each coming in a direction opposite to that in which he had set out. For a radius of four leagues round the clearing, they had explored the forest, clump by clump, bush by bush, but in vain; their researches had obtained no result; they had discovered no trace, and found no sign which might lead them to the truth. At one moment the adventurer fancied that he heard the distant gallop of a horse; but the sound was so remote, so indistinct, that it was impossible for him to form any opinion or acquire a certainty. As for Don Aurelio, the forest had been as silent to him as a tomb.

Both, therefore, rejoined their companions with hanging heads and minds occupied with this apparition, which seemed to them the stranger because their staunch hearts and straightforward minds could not accept it as a divine intervention, and yet it could not be an hallucination. At the moment when they re-entered the clearing the night was nearly spent, the stars were growing pale, and expiring one after another. Wide tinted bands were beginning to appear athwart the horizon, the flowers and plants exhaled a sharper and more penetrating perfume, and the birds nestled beneath the leaves were already preluding with timid notes the melodious concert with which they each morning salute the break of day. The sun would make its appearance ere long.

The horses were saddled, and the travellers had only been awaiting the return of the two explorers to resume their journey. At the moment when Don Aurelio was about to give the signal to start, the Sumach walked up to him and laid his hand on the bridle of his horse.

"One moment," he said; "before we start I should wish to make a few remarks to you."

The Mexican regarded the adventurer closely, and read on his thoughtful face so serious an expression that he bowed to him.

"I am listening to you," he said.

The Sumach, as the surname he bore sufficiently proved, was a man endowed with that ferocious and blunt courage to which every contest is a holiday, and which overthrows any obstacles that rise before it, however great they may be. Deeds done by this



THE ATTACK.

man were related which displayed a boldness and temerity bordering on the prodigious. Fear was as unknown to him as was weakness. But he was a Canadian; that is to say, he belonged to that hardy Norman race, so superstitious and credulous, which trembles at night at the dashing of an owl's wing against a pane of glass, and for which apparitions and phantoms are almost articles of belief. In a word, this man, who would have been unmoved by the sight of twenty rifles pointed at his bosom, had an inward tremor at the thought of the past night's apparition. And yet, so peculiar is the human mind, the suspicious being who had so startled him had scarce disappeared ere he rushed in pursuit. The truth was that his indomitable courage had revolted at the thought of the involuntary panic, his heart palpitated with shame, and he tried to discover the truth or falsehood there might be in the occurrence.

The stern hunt he had made in the forest had put the final touch on his mental confusion, conviction was forced upon him, and now he felt certain that a supernatural intervention had given them a warning which they would do very wrong in neglecting. This was the reason which made him oppose the immediate departure of the travellers and address Don Aurelio.

"Listen, caballero," he said to him, in a firm voice, "I am only an ignorant adventurer to whom books have hitherto been unknown things. There are few things in the world I fear, but I am a Christian and a Catholic; as such I cannot believe that God would disturb the order of nature without some powerful reason. What is your opinion in the matter?"

"I entirely share your opinion, my good fellow," Don Aurelio replied, who, a good Catholic himself, and sincerely attached to his religion, did not dream of disputing its dogmas and creeds.

"In that case," the adventurer continued, "trusting only to my own poor judgment, the being who appeared to me a few hours ago does not belong to this world. Yourself fired two pistol shots almost point-blank without hitting, and though we started immediately in pursuit we found no signs or trace. Is that so?"

"I must allow, senor, that all this is not only perfectly true but strictly exact."

"Very good," the Sumach continued, evidently pleased with this answer. "Now, neither of us can affirm with certainty whether this being comes from heaven or the other place; but that it is of but slight importance to me. What I consider as far more serious is the advice offered to us. Whether it be true or false we are unable to discover at this moment, but it is our duty not to neglect it. If a serious danger menaces your friends we are not numerous enough at this moment to offer them effective help."

"That is just; but what is to be done?" the Mexican remarked, struck by the adventurer's logical reasoning.

"Patience," the latter said, with a smile full of meaning. "Did not my comrade, Moonshine, tell you last night that if you broke your engagement with me I should not fail of avengers."

"It is true," Don Aurelio exclaimed, eagerly.

"Well," the Canadian said, "what I did not care to tell you then I will confess now. I have some twenty comrades a few leagues from here, Canadians like myself, all resolute men and devoted to me. I was going to rejoin them last night when we met. I will place them at your orders, if you like, for this expedition, on the understanding that when the danger has passed—should there be any—if the conditions we offer do not please you, we shall be at liberty to withdraw in safety."

"I thought you an intimate friend of your countryman," the Mexican remarked.

"You were not mistaken," the hunter answered, "we are indeed very old friends, though our avocations are diametrically opposed."

"And on the present occasion, would you refuse the support of your arm in defending the good cause?"

"I do not know what you call the good cause," the Canadian replied, simply, "and as a foreigner, I care very little to learn what it is. Thanks to heaven your disputes

"Explain, explain," his hearers shouted.
"Silence," the hunter replied. "Listen!"

All did so; and then the distant detonation of fire-arms could be distinctly heard.

"What is happening?" Don Aurelio asked, a prey to the liveliest anxiety.

"A very simple thing," the hunter answered; "two or three hundred Indians, or at least men dressed in their garb, are furiously attacking the hacienda, the inhabitants of which are offering the most vigorous resistance."

"Carai! Comrades, we must hasten to their assistance," Don Aurelio exclaimed.

"That is also my opinion; but take my advice; let us not act rashly, but take our precautions, for these Indians appear to me suspicious; they manage their pieces too well, and take too good aim to be real Red Skins, and Indians would never venture to attack in open daylight a fortress like the one before us."

"Then your opinion is—"

"That they are disguised Spaniards, viva Dios, and nought else."

"We cannot hesitate," said the Sumach.

"Every minute is worth an age. Let us approach softly, so as not to reveal our presence prematurely, and when we are near enough to the demons, let us charge them vigorously."

"Yes, we have nothing else to do. Forward!" Don Aurelio shouted.

"Forward!" the adventurers repeated.

The nearer they drew, the more distinct the sound became. With the shouts were mingled ferocious yells and howls uttered by the assailants, and to which the defenders of the hacienda responded with equally ferocious cries. They soon came in sight of the fortress, and perceived the combatants. The engagement was of a serious nature. The Indians, or men looking like them, fought with incredible energy and contempt of death, trying, in spite of the fire of the besieged, to encircle the walls of the hacienda, the top of which several of them were on the point of reaching. In spite of the courage they evinced, the defenders were unfortunately too few to carry on the contest much longer with any prospect of victory.

All at once a formidable cry was raised, and the Indians, furiously attacked in the rear, were obliged to wheel round. It was the charge of the adventurers. At the same moment further succor arrived for the besieged, for a second band of strangers rushed forward like a manada of forest tigers, and taking the Indians on the flank, made a desperate attack. The latter bravely supported this double assault, which they resisted with the utmost bravery; but the defenders of the hacienda knew they were at liberty through this providential help, which they were far from anticipating, made a sortie, and proceeded to help their defenders. There it became no longer a fight, but a butchery. The Indians, after disputing the ground for some moments, recognized the madness of a longer contest. They turned their backs, and sought safety in flight.

The second band, which charged the Indians simultaneously with the Canadians, had also disappeared. Still the Sumach, with a surprise mingled with horror, fancied that he recognized at the head of this band the fantastic being who had appeared in the forest; hence, in his simple credulity, he was not far from supposing that these combatants who vanished so suddenly were demons. When the few wounded white men were picked up, the adventurers, and those who had given them such effectual assistance, entered the hacienda. The plain, so noisy a few moments previously, became silent and solitary once again; and the birds of prey, left masters of the obstinately disputed battle-field, began circling heavily above the corpses, with hoarse and sinister croaks of joy.

CHAPTER VIII.

INSIDE THE HACIENDA.

Although since the beginning of the civil war the Hacienda del Barrio had frequently served as headquarters for the insurgents of New Spain, and, for this reason, had sustained several regular sieges from the government troops, who twice took it by storm, still, in the interior at least, but slight changes had taken place since the time when we first introduced the reader to it.

Still this house, which at that time was almost a country mansion, had become a real fortress, a deep and wide fosse had been dug round that side of the walls which might be accessible, and the threatening muzzles of several heavy guns peeped out of the embrasures, to avoid a surprise and defend the approaches to the hacienda. The trees had been felled for a radius of nearly a mile all round, the scarped path which ran round the hill and led to the gateway had been dug up in several places so as to render the approach still more difficult, and the drawbridge had been placed in working order.

On entering the hacienda the adventurers and travellers were received by a caballero, who paid them the greatest attention. It was the proprietor of the hacienda, Don Anibal de Salazar. The eleven years which had elapsed since our prologue had produced but very slight effect on his vigorous organization. A few wrinkles had formed on the haciendero's wide forehead, here and there a few threads of silver were

mingled with his black hair, but that was all. He was still upright, and his eye was bright as ever. He and Don Aurelio had been long acquainted, and appeared to feel a sincere friendship for each other.

"You and the gentlemen who accompany you are welcome," Don Annibal exclaimed as he warmly pressed his friend's hand; "you could not have arrived more opportunely. Had it not been for you, I know not how matters would have ended."

"Well, I hope," Don Aurelio said, warmly returning the pressure, "are we the first at the meeting?"

"On my word, nearly so, there are very few persons here as yet. You know how difficult the communications are, and what a system of espionage Señor Apolaca, his excellency the Viceroy of New Spain, has invented. It is a perfect inquisition. Every suspicious individual is immediately arrested, so that our friends are obliged to act with the greatest prudence."

"In fact, we have unhappily reached that point when one half the population plays the spy on the other."

"Well, enough on this head for the present. You and your friends must need rest. Allow me to conduct you myself to the caravans which have been prepared for you by my orders."

"On my word, I confess to you that I accept your offer with the same frankness in which it is made."

Don Annibal then led his guests to spacious and rather comfortable furnished apartments, where he left them at liberty to have as they thought proper, informing them that refreshments would be brought them directly; then he left them, in order to receive other persons who arrived at the hacienda at the moment. In fact, scarce had Don Annibal left, ere the door opened to make way for several footmen, loaded with trays covered with refreshments of every description. The Sunach, after bravouacking his adventurers in a corral, rejoined Don Aurelio, with whom remained only one of his servants, namely, Viscachu, in whom he seemed to have the greatest confidence.

Our four friends, that is to say, Don Aurelio, Moonshine, the Sunach, and Viscachu, sat down to the table, and did honor to the refreshments sent by Don Annibal, in a manner which would have assuredly pleased him, had he seen it. Viscachu, doubtless through humility, was seated a little away, he alone ate moderately, rather as a man who does not wish to be guilty of want of courtesy, than as a man who had just ridden ten leagues, and whose appetite must have been sharpened by recent and vigorous exercise. When the travellers' hunger was appeased, the conversation, which had, at the outset, been languishing, became more animated and naturally turned on the master of the house in which the guests were assembled. Moonshine, after lighting his pipe, addressed Don Aurelio.

"Will you allow me," he said to him, "to ask you a few questions with reference to our host?"

"I see no reason why you should not," the Mexican replied. "I shall be even pleased to give you all the information you wish about him that I am in a position to supply."

"These questions will be quite general," the Canadian continued. "My friend and I are strangers, and as it is probable that circumstances will oblige us to make a rather lengthened stay in this country, I confess to you that we should be glad to have certain information about persons with whom chance may bring us into contact, which will enable us to act toward them in such a way as will not hurt either their feelings or their interests."

"The fact is," Oliver Clary said in support, interrupting his words with numerous puffs of smoke, "this country is so extractinary, all that goes on in it so far surpasses anything I have hitherto seen, that I am quite of my countrymen and friend's opinion."

"As you please. To begin, I presume that you would like to know something about our host."

"You have hit it, caballero," both men said, with a polite bow.

"Nothing is easier, the more so because I am a distant relative of Don Annibal, and am better able than most persons to give you the information you require."

"Excellent," the Sunach said, as he threw himself毫不费力地 into his chair.

"I think nothing equal to a good story after a jolly breakfast," said Moonshine, as he rested his elbows on the table, and prepared to listen.

Don Aurelio deliberately rolled a hook cigarette between his fingers, lit it, and then went on as follows:

"It is scarce midday," he said, "it is probable that we shall not be disturbed till four o'clock, for Don Annibal is at this moment occupied in receiving the numerous visitors who are arriving from all parts of the province. We have four hours before us, which we cannot employ better, so listen to me."

After this sort of introduction, the Mexican summoned up his recollections for a few minutes, and then went on like a man prepared to tell a long story.

"Don Annibal Hernández Gómez de Alvarado y Hernández is what we call in this country a *Christiano* crete, that is to say, his blood has never crossed, during ages, with that of the Indians; he is descended in a straight line from that famous Don Pedro de Alvarado to whom Don Hernando Cortez entrusted the government and command of the city of Mexico, when he was compelled to proceed to Veracruz, to fight Don Pánfilo de Narváez, whom Don Diego Velázquez, Governor of Cuba, sent against him, and who passed with all his men under the flag of the conqueror. You will see from this rapid sketch that Don Annibal comes from a good stock. When Hernando Cortez had completed the conquest of Mexico, he divided the vast territories among all his lieutenants. Don Pedro de Alvarado, owing to his fidelity to the Conquistador, was naturally the best provided for, and he soon found himself in possession of an enormous fortune. This fortune, being well managed, augmented in the course of time, and thus at the present day Don Annibal is not only one of the richest landowners in New Spain, but in the whole world. This colossal fortune was further increased, some sixteen years back, by Don Annibal's marriage with Doma Emilia de Aguirre, my cousin, sixth removed. Doma Emilia was at that period seventeen years of age, and one of the loveliest girls in the province."

Don Aurelio paused for a few seconds, and then continued:

"Here there is a grand gap, not in my recollection, but in the information I have been able to collect. At the period to which I allude some interesting business forced me to make a voyage to the Havana, so that I

only heard on my return that Don Annibal had drawn on himself the hatred of certain Indians established on his estates; that these Indians, expelled by him, had sworn to avenge themselves, which they tried several times, but unsuccessfully. While this was going on, Hidalgo, the cure of Dolores, raised the standard of revolt, and summoning the population under arms, began that long war of independence which is not yet terminated. Although of Spanish origin, Don Annibal, whose whole fortune consists of land and mines, and whom the triumph of the revolution would irretrievably ruin if he obstinately remained faithful to the Spanish government, either through interest or conviction, or through these motives united, joined the insurrection, and became one of its most devoted adherents. The house in which we are at this moment, perfectly situated, as you can see, and tolerably well fortified to resist surprise, has several times served as head-quarters for the insurgents. Once was Don Annibal surprised suddenly by the Spaniards; the hacienda was so completely and rapidly invested that Don Annibal had not the time, as he had intended, to send Doma Emilia and her child, who was then hardly eighteen months old, to León Vicario. Both, therefore, remained with him, and then a frightful affair, which has never been properly cleared up, took place. A snake was conveyed into the garden of the hacienda by an Indian, as was found by the trail discovered on the sand, and the bag of tapir hide he left behind. How this Indian contrived to elude the vigilance of the sentinels no one knew. Still it is a fact that this snake, without doing the slightest hurt to the infant, attacked the nurse, whose milk it sucked with a horrible frenzy. The wretched girl died almost immediately after in fearful convulsions, and Doma Emilia, who was a witness of the tragedy, not having the strength to endure it, went mad."

"Oh!" the hearers exclaimed, with a terror mingled with horror, "that is fear ful!"

"Is it not?" Don Aurelio said, sadly.

"And what became of the unhappy mother?" Moonshine asked with interest.

"Did she remain mad?" the adventurer added.

"No," the Mexican continued, "the unfortunate lady recovered her reason, or, at least, after two years of assiduous care, she appeared to do so, for since the scene I have described to you, she has constantly suffered from terrible crises, which succeed each other with strength and energy that continually grow greater."

"Poor woman!" Viscachu muttered.

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Asking Friends to Drink.
THE EVIL OF IT.

A writer in the New York Leader (S. Slocum) thus expatiates upon the folly and evil of the ridiculous American practice of asking your friends to take drinks with you:

The ridiculous, absurd American custom of "asking" is responsible for seven-eighths—mind, we say seven-eighths and mean it too—of all the liquor consumed in this country. Abolish that custom to-day, and where there are eight barrels of liquor drunk now, there would be only one. We believe this, and believe it can't be gainsayed. We appeal to any number of first-class drinkers for their opinions in the matter. We think they will agree with and corroborate our statement in the matter. To this custom we owe our "drinking between drinks," which, some wag, with more truth than poetry in his soul, said was the only thing that hurt, or words to that effect. What a ridiculous piece of folly it is to go into a place, if in the mood for liquor, to ask five or six acquaintances up to drink with you; yet it is done all the time, and by parties who perhaps want the money for stockings; but not to do it when your acquaintances are about, is to be looked upon as "small potatoes" and few in a hill. Take the following as an illustration of a delightful "fix," liable to arise from this absurd custom:

You feel in the mood for a glass. You go for it. You have, perhaps, a dollar about you. Meet a friend just as you are about to enter a gin-mill, and you "ask him." Enter, and he comes upon a group of four or five of his friends, who have just entered, and are conversing for a moment. You are introduced all round by your friend. Where are you now? With a dollar in your pocket, and five or six fellows on your hands, only one of whom you ever saw before, and morally bound by custom and impelled by false pride to ask them to join you in a social glass. You can't get out of it; they know you came in for some liquor, and as your friend introduced you and didn't invite, why you must do the honors, and you say you are glad to see them (an infernal lie, by the way,) and ask them up. If you are known at the bar all right, if not, you have to borrow of your friend. How's that?

Perhaps some of the party might ask you some other time, but the chances are, they wouldn't know you the next day from a baked apple. A most absurd, dead fraud, this "asking" in connection with liquor. Do we ask, coax, prevail on acquaintances to go in and have neck-ties, gloves, or boots with us? "Come in and take a bottle of wine with me," men will say, and take you by the arm, and in you go. Do they ever say, "Come in and have a hat with me?" Are you continually urged to take knives, lead pencils, hair-dye, tooth-powder, paper colars, or umbrellas, with them? No, this "asking" business is confined to liquor. It is liquor liberality, or a custom rather, that extends itself to no other article, if we except oysters and cigars, but in these it is limited.

Take a party of six Germans who go in for their lager. They sit down and each one drinks what he wants and pays for what he drinks. He isn't forced and bantered because he don't drink more. The same with Englishmen, Frenchmen, and other people on the face of the globe, but Americans, You know it would be six of the latter did go in for lager. There would be thirty-six glasses drunk, or paid for, if not all drunk, because each one must "ask" the others. Humbug! Folly!

Imagine a case like this, did the "asking" business extend beyond the confines of liquor. Two gentlemen walking up Broadway. One is attracted by a fine display of bottles—no, boots, shoes, etc., in a window. "Bob, let's go in and have some boots." In they go. "Take hold, Bob. What's your fancy?" "Thank you, Tom, but I'm not taking boots just now." "Oh, get in, Take hold. One pair won't hurt you." "No, excuse me, Tom." Take something, Bob. Have a pair of shoes, boot-jack, gaiters. Take home a pair of boots for your wife. Don't see me do this thing alone." Bob comes down, and takes a pair of boots. It's no use. Who could withstand Tom's appeal.

Can't this thing be extended to boots, coats, umbrellas, tooth-brushes, nutmeg-graters, shirts, eye-glasses, carpet-bags, butter, etc.? Give it a start, gentleman. Don't let it be limited to liquor. If not, let us say: Teetotalers, if you would curtail, fearfully and wonderfully curtail the consumption of liquor, make an assault on this absurd "asking" custom in vogue with us; until you can do this, you needn't expect any let-up in liquor-drinking. If you, Parton, were a liquor-drinker, we should appeal to you to start a society—non-asking-drink-society—every member thereof to pledge himself never to ask a man to drink. Drinking would then go out of fashion, specially; but as you are not in the drinking line, we fear your society wouldn't flourish. The same with us, as we don't take anything; so nobody need be afraid of asking us.

A Boston man who had frequently spoken in praise of the fine appearance of a certain young lady residing in that section of the city, was shocked at her condition upon returning from one of the sea-side resorts. She was bent over, and seemed to be in pain, although her face looked as pretty and as healthy as ever. He called the attention of his wife to her, and then for the first time learned that the complaint the fair one was troubled with was the "Grecian bend," or, as some term it, the "improper circumflex-humorous."

The British Medical Journal says: "We were much amused, not to say surprised, on looking over the out-patient accident books of the various London hospitals for two months, to find that of 124 'bites' of different kinds entered, 18 were attributed to men or women, which number was in excess of any other animal, with the exception of dogs, who were accused of inflicting the large number of 85. Horse-bites numbering 12; cat-bites, 5; the monkey and donkey being accused of one each. The two remaining were simply entered as 'bites.' We certainly have no reason to be proud of our exalted position."

There are ninety-five hundred Jews and six synagogues in Chicago. They pay annually sixty thousand dollars for religious purposes, and have just built a hotel at an expense of twenty thousand dollars, which sum they raised in two days. They claim six converts to the Jewish faith from Christianity.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.—The steamer which recently arrived at New York from Aspinwall, brings further particulars of the disastrous earthquake in South America. The loss of life has been terrible, exceeding by far the figures already reported. In Ecuador, it is stated, that of Cotacachi, a place of over 65,000 inhabitants, Ibarra, with 15,000, and Otavalo, of 10,000—three of the largest cities in the north of Ecuador—literally nothing is left but ruins; and of the 90,000 human beings who peopled these places it is feared over two-thirds have perished. Besides these large cities, it is reported that hardly a town or village in the northern part of the republic has escaped. In Peru the loss of life is placed at 4,300. The destruction of property in the towns of this republic was immense, but owing to the time which elapsed between the rumbling announcing the earthquake and the shock, sufficient warning was given to the people to escape into the open fields, away from the falling houses. Chili appears to have suffered very slightly, the towns on the coast feeling the shock and being washed by the earthquake wave, but receiving no great damage. The distress in Peru from the destruction of provisions, and of the apparatus for condensing and storing fresh water, was very great. The United States vessels in the Pacific ports were conspicuous among other foreign men-of-war for their activity in transporting food to the ruined towns. The Lima papers have published semi-officially highly complimentary articles concerning the humane conduct of the commanders of the Waterer, Kearsarge and Niack. The stores taken from the Waterer and distributed at Arica among the people will amount in value to \$400,000.

Additional intelligence from the scene of the late earthquake is received. In Quite the stench arising from the unburied bodies is horrible. Some people were still being dug out of the ruins alive—one poor fellow among them having been entombed for six days along side of his wife's corpse.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.—The rebels have been successful, the royal army defeated, and Queen Isabella and the members of the royal family who were with her at San Sebastian, crossed the frontier on Sept. 30th. She immediately proceeded to Bearitz, where the Queen had an interview with Napoleon and Eugenie, after which Queen Isabella and her family left for the Castle of Pau, which has been assigned as her residence, during her sojourn in France. It is reported that the Queen took with her all the crown jewels and royal regalia, together with twenty-three million reals in gold.

Who will be proclaimed king in her place is still doubtful. Some think that a Republic will be established, but that is improbable.

THE "BOYS IN BLUE" IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Convention gathered on Thursday of last week in Independence Square, where a mass meeting was held. The number present was estimated at from ten to twenty-five thousand. There was a parade on Friday morning, and a torchlight procession on Friday night. Delegations were present from Delaware, Maryland, Indiana, Illinois, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, and many parts of Pennsylvania. Among those present were Generals Burnside, Crawford, Kilpatrick, Sickles, Pleasanton, Negley, Bartlett, &c., with Governors Curtin, Salmon, Hawley, &c. Philadelphia presented quite a festive appearance during the Convention.

A boy of sixteen, at Poughkeepsie, shot and killed his sister, a young lady of twenty, last Saturday. He playfully pointed a pistol at her, when it went off and killed her.

The New York Sun says there is such a demand in that city for children for adoption, that even cripples and other unfortunate are not refused.

Another war has broken out between the New York Central and Erie Railroads, Freight charges have been reduced, and shippers are rejoicing.

It has been decided not to issue another warrant for Suratt's arrest, but to await the action of the Grand Jury.

—Attorney General Evarts has decided that the late one day's session of Congress was a continuance of the last session.

The sign-boards put up at road crossings on the Pacific Railways are said to be:

"Look out for the Indians."

Queen Victoria is in her fiftieth year, and has nine children and thirteen grandchildren.

A mountain of magnetic iron has been discovered in Lapland. It is sufficient to supply the world with magnets.

—At a ball at a German watering-place, one of the young men appeared in a full suit of light brown, large deep blue shirt, scatlet necktie, green gloves, and yellow shoes.

A train of ten cars was destroyed by an explosion of nitro-glycerine, near Urbana, Ohio, recently. The engineer was seriously, but the fireman slightly injured.

—General Gordon Granger has left Washington to take command in Tennessee—General Thomas being in Washington in a Court Martial case.

—Judge Henry Williams has been appointed by Governor Geary to the seat on the Supreme Bench of Pennsylvania, made vacant by Judge Strong's resignation. The appointment of Judge Williams was recommended by Judge Strong.

—General George B. McClellan arrived at New York in the steamship Cuba. He is to have a reception in Philadelphia, but will not take an active part in the political canvass.

—General B. F. Butler was reominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Fifth Massachusetts District. He received a unanimous vote. The conservative Republicans, it is said, will nominate Richard H. Dana in opposition to him.

—The New York Tribune says the Democrats have carried Idaho by 502 majority. At the last election they had 718 majority.

—The municipality of Jas-tebecany, Austria, has issued the following decree:

"Swearing and blaspheming being the real cause of earthquake, it is hereby forbidden to all whomsoever it be to swear or blaspheme, under penalty of receiving twenty-five lashes and being fined the sum of twenty-five florins." There must have been a great deal of swearing in South America recently, according to the above.

—The Spanish Minister at Washington, has officially notified the State Department of the downfall of Queen Isabella's Government.

—The supporters of George Francis Train

have nominated him for Congress in the Fifth New York District. His election would be a national nuisance.

—From all parts of the country an enormous amount of "naturalization" is reported. The political committees are hard at work getting foreigners made into citizens. The cheating by the corrupt of both parties this election, promises to be unexampled.

—The new Board of Police Commissioners of New Orleans has been inaugurated. The Board comprises three whites and two negroes.

—General Hancock is ill at Carondelet, Ohio, from the reopening of his wound received at Gettysburg.

—The bill making negroes ineligible to office has been defeated in the Georgia House of Representatives. The common carrier bill, previously defeated in the Senate, has also been lost in the House.

—The Oregon Legislature has just orga-

nized. It has four Democratic majority in the Senate, and seven in the House. The first business was the introduction of a resolution for the repeal of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution.

—A man in Massachusetts has lost the sight of an eye from being bitten by a spider.

—Charles Sumner's physician has prohibited him from making speeches.

—An individual in Maine has been indicted as a common nuisance, for stirring up perpetual strife among his neighbors.

—Two weeks ago it was said that Jeff Davis would be tried; one week ago that he would; now the correspondents deny both statements, and say they know nothing as to what they usually do on the subject.

—Hon. N. P. Banks has been renominated for Congress by the Republicans in Massa-

cussets.

—THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS.—The English cricketers beat the American 22 at Boston very badly. Afterwards a base ball match between the English cricketers and nine players of the Trumington, Harvard and Lowell Clubs, resulted in the defeat of the Englishmen by a score of 21 to 4. The weather was very cold and windy. The Englishmen now come to Philadelphia.

—Trini Trip of the First Locomotive.

Major Horatio Allen, the engineer of the New York and Erie Railroad, gives the following account of the first trip made by a locomotive on this continent:

When was it? What was it? And who awakened its energies and directed its movements? It was in the year 1828, on the banks of the Lackawaxen, Penna., at the commencement of the railroads connecting the canal of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company with their coal mines—and he who addresses you was the only person on that locomotive. The circumstances which led to my being alone on the road were these: The road had been built in the summer, and rails of large dimensions notched on caps placed far apart. The timber had cracked and warped from exposure to the sun. After about 300 feet of straight line, the road crossed the Lackawaxen Creek on trestle-work about 30 feet high, with a curve of 355 to 400 feet radius. The impression was very general that the iron monster would either break down the road, or it would leave the track at the curve and plunge into the creek.

My reply to such apprehensions was that it was too late to consider the probability of such occurrences; there was no other course than to have a trial made of the strange animal, which had been brought here at a great expense; but that it was not necessary that more than one should be involved in its fate; that I would take the first ride alone, and the time would come when I should look back to the incident with great interest.

As I placed my hand on the throttle-valve handle, I was undecided whether I would move slowly or with a fair degree of speed; but, believing that the road would prove safe, and preferring, if we did go down, to go handsomely, and without any evidence of timidity, I started with considerable velocity, and was soon out of hearing of the vast assemblage. At the end of two or three miles I reversed the valve and returned without accident, having thus made the first railroad trip by locomotive on the Western Hemisphere.

—A man in New York lives with his fifth wife and five mothers-in-law, all in one house.

—M. Nedoma, a journalist in Prague, is sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment.

One day in each week is to be passed in the dark cell, and on two others he is to have nothing to eat. What a blessed thing it is to be a European editor.

—Some one in the interior of New

York claims to have captured the champion mosquito. It is four and three-eighths inches in length. Twelve dollars has been refused for it.

—People who go to Nahant, nowadays, fail to see rocky point. It has become private property, and is shut in by a high fence; a matter that gives no little offence to those who were wont to look out upon the raging ocean from the big rocks.

—An inquirer, puzzled by the English law on the subject of second marriages, asks if a man can legally marry the sister of his widow.

—In fourteen races in which paper boats have been used this year, they have won eleven.

—Sun-dried oysters, cured like beef by hanging in the sun, are becoming an important article of traffic in California.

—An irreverent itemizer, speaking of Hole in the Day's son, alludes to the old

gentleman as "the paternal aperture."

—A labourer in an ice-house was killed by a large lump of ice falling on his head. Verdict of the jury, died of hard drink.

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MAKING TATTING.

Chin dimpled; dewy, crimson lips;
Dark lashes shading eyes of blue,
At twixt the rosy finger tips
The ivy shuttle swiftly flew;

And reclining, book in hand,
All innocent of craft or guile,
Seemed deep in rhymes of foreign land,
But studied her sweet face the while.

I followed as the may thread
Twined in and out and back again.
Faster the nimble fingers sped,
Till watching them was almost pain—

Till half abashed upon her throne,
My queen puts on her shyest smile,
And murmured in the softest tone:

"Sir poet, read to me awhile."

And so I read; and thus it ran—
"True passion scorns deceit or art!
I hold him coward, and no man,
Who shuts his love up in his heart.
Unseen, unsought, the blossom dies
That might have flowered in the sun;

And deep in many a maiden's eyes
Lies victory, waiting to be won."

And so I read, with furtive glance
Upstaring softly now and then—
Half daring there to risk my chance,
Nor a coward among men;
Till conscious grew her speaking face,
Dark lashes veiling all the blue;

While in and out, with swiftest pace,
The busy, tireless shuttle flew.

With sudden thought I flung the book
Far out upon the sloping lawn,
Marking the while her troubled look,
Then spoke, half prescient of the dawn:

"I hold him craven, too, no man—
Not better than a fool or clown—

Who fears to utter when he can—
What only coward souls keep down.

"You sit before me all day long,
As bright and happy as a bird;
You thrill me with your tender song,
Then chill me with a careless word.

You think, perhaps, to keep me near,
Or throw me, as it suits, away;—

I tell you that the time is here
When I must hold or lose for aye.

Downcast those lashes as you may,
(She lifted them in mute surprise,)
The only book I read to-day
Lies in your heart and in your eyes."

A quiver of the parted lips;
The tattling lay upon the floor,
And twixt the rosy finger tips
The idle shuttle flew more.

Behind me labyrinthine ways
Have closed their mazes evermore;
Mine age the glorious summer days,
And love's fruition walks before.

The purest, holiest hopes of life
In sheltered havens softly ride,

And I am happy, for my wife
Sits making tattling by my side.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT.

AUTHOR OF "HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY," "THE DEAD MAN'S RULE," &c.

The clergyman, having saluted the bride and received a magnificent offering from the baronet, remained to witness the will which the other gentleman, who was the baronet's solicitor, now drew up; and when it was completed and Sir Francis's signature affixed, the lawyer pocketed his fee and went away with the clergyman, leaving Geraldine sitting by her husband's side, bewilder'd by her sudden change of fortune and identity.

Ernestine, still standing behind Geraldine's chair, was looking impatiently towards her father, and Sir Francis had turned his head towards his wife, as if about to speak, when the door opened, and Ernestine said, with a little laugh, "Why, here is Aunt Flora!"

The lady, a tall, handsome woman, though somewhat thin visaged, paused, after having crossed the threshold, seeing with manifest surprise the grouping of those in the room, and looking with evident suspicion at the golden-haired, bloom-cheeked woman in the great chair by her brother's bed-side.

"Dear Aunt Flora," cried Ernestine, sweeping towards her, her jewels flaming out wickedly through the gloom, "let me introduce you to a new member of our family. *Lady Chalcedon*, Miss Chalcedon

Flora drew up her tall figure in indignant horror, but something in the beautiful, high-bred face before her, and the proud inclination of the small, bright dressed head, which was so correctly poised upon the long, slender throat, made her bow with *politesse*, at least, to the wearer of a coarse gray dress, under which there was no shadow of *éclat*.

"I am *surprised*," said she, slowly, and with an accent which implied, "and all my ideas of decorum are outraged."

"I thought you would be," said Sir Francis, while Geraldine quietly sat down again.

"Now I think of it, it looks very much as if I had been sent away to allow for the perpetration of this action."

"It does look very much like that," said the baronet, languidly.

Flora's black eyes flashed. "I suppose you were so overcome by the ordeal, that you were obliged to take to your bed?"

"I—I have been sick," said Sir Francis, moving uneasily.

"I don't believe it. You were as well as a pig three days since."

"Anger always makes you coarse, Flora. If I am sick, you will not be obliged to take care of me."

"Sir Francis has been—as dangerously ill," interposed Geraldine.

Flora looked at her intently, and then said, "Will your ladyship and my niece allow me a few minutes' private conversation with my brother?"

"Certainly," said Geraldine; and, as they left the room, Sir Francis looked at Ernestine and shook his head, then turned desperately towards his sister, who approached him with a precipitation of movement and expression of face which reminded him strongly of *Lady Macbeth* when resolved upon the murder of the king.

"There is some folly under all this," said she, in a suppressed tone. "What is it? Who is this person whom you have made *Lady Chalcedon*?"

"A very beautiful woman, as you can see for yourself."

Flora made an impatient gesture with her thin, handsome hand.

"Beauty is not sufficient in a Lady Chalcedon."

"I can assure you that she has more brains in her little finger than you have in your whole head."

"Is she of good family?"

"Really, you must ask herself. I am satisfied with the beauty and the brains. And when you ask her that question, tell her from me that although I was dying when I married her, I am perfectly well now."

And the baronet threw off the bed covering, showing that he was completely dressed, with the exception of his coat.

"So then you had to represent yourself as dying to gain her consent to marry you?"

"Even so."

"She was an unattainable treasure, then?"

"Scorned me as if I had been a blind beggar, by Jove!"

"I do not understand it."

"Ask her," said the baronet, chuckling, partly with pleasure at the thought that he had secured an ambassador to arrange an unpleasant affair, and partly in anticipation of the warm reception his sister's question and information would procure for her from the opposite party.

Ernestine was standing on one side of the fire-place and Geraldine on the other, when Miss Chalcedon's quick steps echoed through the corridor, and she entered the room with flushed cheeks and ominous eyes. Ernestine withdrew a step, and Geraldine stood a little more erect than usual, and received her with a haughtiness of bearing which almost convinced Flora that her new sister was a person of some distinction.

"I am charged with a message to you, *Lady Chalcedon*. My brother wishes me to tell you that though dying when he was married to you, he is now as well as ever he was in his life."

Geraldine stood at her without speaking. She was stunned. Then there flashed through her mind like lightning the recollection of Ernestine's innuendos with regard to St. George, and she saw that she had been tricked, lured to her fate by her lover's hand, indissolubly bound by the chains of iron which she had thought so sure to shake off for wreaths of bridal roses. She felt her hands and feet grow cold, the blood seemed to chill in her veins, and a mist to arise before her, and through this mist she saw Ernestine's face, with sparkling eyes and lips parted in a triumphant smile. This smile enabled her to keep from fainting. She would disappoint their malice and then triumph. The blood which had been frightened from her heart returned to it and rose again to her face, and she said calmly to Miss Chalcedon, "It seems that I have wrought a miracle."

Ernestine ceased smiling, and opened her eyes in amazement.

"You have something else to say, have you not?" said Geraldine, addressing Miss Chalcedon.

"Something on my own account," said Flora, with emphasis. "I wish to ask, what was my new sister's name *before marriage*?"

"You must apply to your brother, then," said Geraldine. "I am *Lady Chalcedon*, and know nothing of any woman with whom my husband may have been acquainted before our marriage." She then touched the bell, which was answered by Ernestine's maid, "I am *Lady Chalcedon*, and I wish to be shown to my apartments," said Geraldine.

The girl looked at Ernestine, who said,

"Do you not hear? The new suite!" and courteously respectively, she said, "This way, if you please, my lady," and led the way to a door which she opened, and Geraldine went into the superb range of apartments that had been prepared for her reception, and which consisted of a parlor, two dressing rooms and a bed-room, room, showy with bridal white, and radiant with frescoing, gilding, mirrors and paintings, besides the most luxurious furniture that could be found in Paris.

Geraldine staggered rather than walked to a mirror, where she surveyed herself, as if doubtful of her identity, and then, with a cry of hopeless misery, sank in a despairing heap on one of the rich couches, burying her fair face and bright head in the yielding velvet of its covering.

How long she remained thus, yielding to an agony which expressed itself neither in sight nor tears, she was not aware until a small French clock in her dressing room struck the hour before dinner. She raised her head and finally her whole weary self from the place where she had sunk down, and looked around her. The door of a wardrobe stood invitingly open—it was filled with elegant dresses of every description, and she found in her exquisitely carved bureau a complete assortment of linen, every article a miracle of embroidery, and trimmings of costly lace. In fact, there was a complete bridal trousseau, including all the jewels which had formerly belonged to her, and which were arranged in their different caskets on her dressing table. She had never possessed any diamonds, but she now found a set of extreme beauty and brilliancy, tiara, corslet, bracelets, brooch and ear-rings, displayed on the purple velvet linings of their cases, and labelled a bridal gift from her husband. She did not touch them, but looked at herself in the mirror which reflected and multiplied their starry scintillations. Her eyes were heavy and burning, her lips scarlet and parched, and her face was deadly whiteness, with the exception of a vermilion spot on either cheek.

"I will have crimson velvet," continued her ladyship. "Crimson is a nice winter color, and suits me admirably."

"I will write to Bangsone to-morrow," said Sir Francis. "He will bring up his men immediately, and the room will be ready by the end of the week."

"Of course the carpets will have to be changed. I also have white, with a crimson border, in the Greek pattern."

"So stiff!" murmured Ernestine.

"We are not speaking of furnishing your room," said my lady.

"Her impertinence is intolerable," Lady England murmured to her aunt, "and papa is absolutely imbecile in his submission," and she glared furiously at her step-mother, who was insolently fanning herself, her white arm gleaming, stained with the purple reflection of her jewels, and her little foot keeping time to some unheard tune as it peered from the voluminous folds of her satin skirt.

Ernestine did see, and her dark face grew darker with jealousy and ire, while Sir Edric unconsciously summed himself in the radiance of his charming mother-in-law's beauty, unawitting of the curtain lecture preparing for him in the mind of his gentle wife.

"Isn't it strange that she should refuse to see any one?" asked Flora?

"Oh! it is one of her whims."

"Oh! does she have whims?"

"Hasn't she had twaetys since she came to this house?" said Ernestine, who was not to be drawn into admissions of past acquaintanceship.

The door opened and Sir Francis presented himself, with very much the air of a criminal approaching the gallows. He informed her that dinner was ready, and offered his arm. She arose, without even looking at him, and passed before him into the dining room.

When her ladyship had seated herself, Sir

Edric began to make gradual approaches to her part of the room, without appearing to have any particular design in tossing over the books and papers on the different tables, or examining the choice photographs and engravings in the piles of embossed and gilded covers. Having at last reached her, he challenged her to a game of chess, a challenge which she accepted, partly to while away the weary hours of the long evening, partly because she could perceive

became, but Sir Francis felt that he might as well have married a woman of ice, for as sparkling and as cold in the pomp of her rebellious beauty and the frozen stillness of her look and bearing was Geraldine, *Lady Chalcedon*.

Ernestine's jealousy, and it was her intention in every way to provoke and aggravate those who had leagued together to bind her in her present chains.

Sir Edric had a way of addressing her that was peculiarly distasteful to his wife. "Beautiful mamma," "Dearest mamma," sometimes "Darling mamma," were the titles which he applied to her, and, when making use of them, he generally emphasized the adjective very strongly. It was very innocent, but very disagreeable to his "other self," when the youth and beauty of her step-mother were taken into consideration.

Very provoking was it to witness the play of her ladyship's beautiful hands and fine eyes in the game, and to see that they attracted much more attention from Sir Edric than his white chessmen, ranged against my lady's sanguine-hued, opposing forces. Sir Edric always insisted that she should play with the red men, because they contrasted so prettily with her white hands.

They were of red coraline, carved in the shapes appropriate to their designations, and having small brilliants inserted for their eyes, their crowns, mitres, helmets and coats of mail sparkling with the same stones.

Sir Edric and my lady had a way of holding half-whispered conversations over their games, the subjects of their talk being the game, the book, a picture, or a favorite singer. But as the pieces lay idle on the board, and elbows rested on it, my lady leaning one cheek upon her hand, and Sir Edric with his chin in his palm, bringing the two young faces into closer proximity, while the words they spoke were inaudible to any but themselves, Ernestine, after suffering indescribable tortures would seat herself by them, ostensibly to watch the game, and her husband, provoked by her jealous assiduity, would have no eyes nor ears for any but her, glances, and murmur pretty nothings in her rich voice, with rippling interludes of low-toned laughter, until Ernestine would rush to her own room to hide her tears of rage. Then my lady would pronounce herself weary of the game, and retire to a lounging-chair and a book.

Ernestine had tried, in an unheeded way to excite her father's jealousy, but Sir Francis was so confident in himself, as the handsomest and most delightful of men, and had such a perfect recollection of his wife's former affection for him, which he did not doubt his numerous fascinations would inspire in her breast with double force, that he could not be made to feel the slightest uneasiness, not even when Sir Edric, the following day, as the ladies were going to their rooms to dress for the dinner-party, stopped her ladyship to beg her not to make herself too dazzling, or all the other women would hate her mortally.

My lady smiled, and passed him with a saucy courtesy which became her, as did all her various moods and motions—and Sir Edric, following her with a handkerchief which she had dropped, kissed the hand that took it with more than filial warmth.

On arriving at Wimbleton Manor House, the ladies from Chalcedon were shown into an elegant dressing room furnished entirely in white as a compliment to the bride, and which was appropriated to their use alone. Here, Ernestine removing her wraps, showed herself resplendent in her rubies and white more-antique, draped with point-antecne, while Miss Chalcedon looked very handsome in purple satin and pearls.

Ernestine, having superintended the shaking out of the folds of her superb dress by a kneeling attendant, turned to criticise my lady's costume, and observed with horror that she wore the very gray dress in which she had left the Welsh mountains, and under its folds no crinoline at all.

"Good heavens!" she ejaculated, receding in dismay, while the attendants looked in polite astonishment.

"Did a pin prick you?" inquired her ladyship, adjusting her linen cuffs.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Flora, flying to the rescue with a face pale with horror.

"Of eating my dinner," said my lady.

"I'm awfully hungry. Aren't you?"

Flora turned an eye of anguish on the attendants who were smiling at this naive admission.

"I would advise your ladyship," said she,

"to send back directly for a suitable dress and ornaments, and we will wait until you are dressed."

"Why, this is the dress I was married in!

I thought people always wore their wedding-dresses to the first party given for them."

The attendants giggled simultaneously.

"Send for Sir Francis," cried Flora, in a tremor.

Sir Francis having been sent for, Flora went out to meet him, that she might not be obliged to make explanations before the servants.

"Oh, dear! this comes of marrying nobody knows who," was her very intelligible reply to his query of "What is the matter?"

"You've done it at last then?" said the baronet, buttoning his left hand glove with tender care.

"What?"

"Or rather you have continued to do what you always do, that is to marry nobody," said Sir Francis.

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rior to his fellow-men, and he who *believes* himself to be so, are alike unvisited by this imp in livery of "green and yellow," until Love comes, and brings him in his train. Then, the sage philosopher, the heaven-soaring poet, the artist devoted to the ideal, the statesman planning the rise and fall of governments, all forsake the natural use of their eyes, and view surrounding objects through spectacles more or less tinged with green. It is astonishing how these same green spectacles which Sir Francis now put on for the first time, exaggerate and distort. Lord Fordham's words and looks, frank, open, and conveying an expression of friendly regard and honest admiration, when seen through them became double-meaning and ardent, and my lady's suggested a no less unpleasant translation.

At the dinner-table, Lord Fordham was seated next to her, and when he touched her glass with his, with a smile and playful gesture, Sir Francis almost threw his goblet at his head. When his lordship gave her a French motto, unrolled from a pink-candled shell, and purporting to be a message to Venus from the mermen who mourned the loss of the sea-born goddess, the baronet gripped the handle of a knife so hard, that he quite expected to find the impression of his fingers in the silver, and looked compassionately at the tips, reddened by the rude pressure. He thought with what ferocious delight he could plunge that knife into the heart of the viscount, and then reflected what an unpleasant sensation must be produced by the act of suffocation, called hanging, and the disagreeable purpling of the face which would be one of its immediate results. "How a fellow would look after he was dead!"—thought the baronet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE SEPTEMBER.

I.

I remember
One September
When the purple plum-trees bore,
And the pears hung mellow,
And we heaped an ample store
Of pippins red and yellow.

Do you remember
That September?

II.

When the after-math was mown,
And we tossed the fragrant hay—
Hay with withered daisies strewn,
Sweet as freshest flowers of May—
Dear, do you remember
That September?

III.

And you couched upon the hay,
While I sat quiet at your head;
Little round we then to say,
Unless to praise the lovely day,
Or some books that we had read.
But do not you remember
The joy of that September?

IV.

Many a day has passed since then,
Many a sunny day and bright,
Rare and precious moments when
Earth has glowed with Edon's light,
And we talk when we're together
Of other things than books or weather;
But, love, do you remember
The joy of that September?

The Traitor Dencounced.

A TALE OF THE TOURNAMENTS.

King Edward, of England, held his court in the ancient city of Winchester: ostensibly to redress the wrongs of his subjects, but, in reality, to avoid the dreaded Earl of Lancaster.

Another motive he had for visiting Winchester, and that was to await the arrival of the elder De Spenser, who was every day expected from the south, with troops.

King Edward, and his abandoned queen, Isabella or the "she wolf of France," as she was called, were seated in royal state in the presence chamber of the old palace.

His lords and gentlemen, and such of his barons as were yet faithful to him, were ranged around.

The halberdiers, in their panoply of steel, were drawn up round the walls of the apartment.

"How now, Sir Page, who next seeks an audience?" demanded the king, as one of the court pages entered and knelt before the royal pair.

"So like your Grace, the worthy knight, Sir Lionel Arundel, craves admission to your royal presence," replied the bending page.

The king's face grew dark and moody, as the name fell on his ear, while the queen hastily drew down her veil to shroud her treacherous features.

The next moment, Sir Lionel, equipped in complete armor, proudly entered the presence chamber, and making a profound bow, stopped in front of the throne.

"Methinks, Sir Knight, thou art but ill advised, to brave our wrath while thine offences yet smell so rank," cried the king, angrily, as Lionel halted.

"What offences, so please your grace?"

"Treason against our royal will and commandment."

"My liege, 'tis false; there breathes not a man in England who owns a more loyal heart to your grace than I do."

"Hast thou not, against our known command, despoiled the young De Spenser of his bride?"

"Of your grace's command, I knew naught, and as for despoiling him, 'twas he who would have robbed me of my affianced wife."

"Thy affianced wife?"

"Yes, my liege, mine; mine, by the promise of her sire, and by the holy benediction of the church, mine, long ere this arrogant De Spenser—"

"Peace, knave, nor dare to rail upon a noble gentleman, thy lord and master," exclaimed Isabella, with flitting eyes.

"My master, your grace! not while Lionel Arundel has a sword to wield, or a tongue to denounce a low-born minion."

"Peace, saucy varlet, or that unruly tongue may chance run thy head from thy unmannerly shoulders. Away, sirrah!" resumed the queen, with a haughty wave of the hand.

"Calm thee, fair mistress, and doubt not we will find a way to stop this kesrel's crow of triumph, never fear," whispered the king.

"For what purpose, Sir Knight, hast thou now favored us with thy unwelcome presence?" Edward demanded, suppressing all evidence of passion or displeasure.

"For what purpose, my liege? To denounce and challenge that pampered minion, the young De Spenser, to mortal combat."

"Thou hast chosen thine opportunity with ill advice, Sir Knight, or thou mightest have known the worthy lord thou seekest was doing our behest in the goodly city of Bristol," replied the king.

"But he hath left his tool, my Lord of Tankerville, behind," and Lionel pointed contemptuously to a courier who stood at the back of the royal chair.

"And what would'st thou have of me, thou insolent braggart?" demanded Lionel, suddenly looking up with a haughty start, as his name was pronounced.

"What would I have of thee, thou slave of a slave?" cried Lionel, with a defiant gesture. "This I would; I'd have thee bear my mortal defiance to thy base and revenging master."

"And thou could'st couple it with one to myself, I should more enjoy the duty thou givest me."

"Peace, thou chattering pye, and hear thy message," cried Lionel, waving him to silence with his hand, as he advanced nearer to the throne, and proudly set one foot on the lowest step.

"Tell the young De Spenser that at the foot of the throne, and in the presence of his betrayed sovereign, and his unnatural accomplice—"

Lionel here glanced meaningly at the queen, who, in conscious confusion, drooped her head, and drew her veil in closer folds over her changing countenance.

"I denounce him as a base friend, and a treacherous counsellor, a perverter of truth and justice, a villain to all who trust him, and a traitor to his king and country."

"Hast done, thou audacious knave?" exclaimed Isabella, half rising from her chair, in her fear of further disclosures.

"Lady, by your leave," and Lionel bowed courteously to the queen, as he drew off his heavy gauntlets.

"Tell him, moreover, that I waive his attempted murder of myself and his outrage on my betrothed wife, and merge every charge in that of traitor to his king and country. In proof whereof, there lies my gauntlet."

"And while he held aloft the one glove, he hurled the other at the feet of the king and queen.

Tankerville sprang from behind the royal chair in a moment, and rushing to the front of the throne, flung down a glove from his girdle, as he took up that of Lionel's, exclaiming—

"Take back your defiance, haughty and disreputable knight. In De Spenser's name, I accept thy challenge, and will imperil mine own body to prove thee a base calumniator and a villain."

"Dread liege, I claim my right!" exclaimed Lionel, "my right, having denounced your highness' favorite, as a rank and dangerous traitor, to prove the charge upon him."

"Grant it, I beseech your grace, that such a pestilent reviler of the brave and beautiful, may meet his instant punishment," interposed Tankerville.

"When returns De Spenser from his mission, my lord?" asked Edward.

"He is hourly looked for home, your grace."

"Be it so, then. To-morrow, at five of the clock in the evening. See, Sir Knight, thou art prepared to make good thy boisterous appeal against the Lord De Spenser," replied the king, addressing Lionel.

Then turning to Tankerville, he added—

"And thou, my lord, see thou, too, art prepared should De Spenser not return, to adventure thine own body in this encounter, and disprove, for him and me, the foul aspersion."

"Who's that? who's that?" cried the excited throng, eagerly straining forward, as a tall venerable man, more than eighty years of age, and dressed in princely robes, followed a body of men-at-arms to the pavilion.

"Who is it, you ask, who?" replied others, sneeringly.

"Aye, aye, who?"

"Why the old De Spenser, to be sure; just created Earl of Winchester!"

The half expressed his, and the partly uttered groan, that was meant to greet the execrated name was checked in its opening by the respect still paid to their weak but harmless king as he followed the father of the young favorite.

Edward and his queen, surrounded by guards, passed his bare-headed, but silent subjects, to reach the two centre chairs.

Bertha, and the Earl of Winchester, occupying those on the right and left of the royal pair.

Scarcely had Edward taken his seat, when two mounted heralds, blowing a defiant flourish, entered the arena, followed by Lionel and one squire.

Another loud and ringing hurrah, with flourishing of scarves and kerchiefs, greeted the advent of the popular favorite.

With breathless impatience, the people listened to the reading of the challenge that denounced the king's minion as a traitor. Every thought being centered in the question, who would respond to the defiance.

A brief space was allowed, after the reading of the proclamation, for an answer, but no response being given, the herald blew his trumpet three times.

At the last sound, the herald demanded—

"Who answers for the Lord De Spenser?"

"He answers for himself," exclaimed the defendant, leaping his horse into the lists, before his herald and squire.

Lionel comprehended all the dangers of his situation in an instant.

Lifting Bertha, who had rushed to the edge of the platform, into her saddle, he bounded into his own, as a squire ranged himself on either side of him and Bertha.

At the same moment, the first squire, leading his charger, galloped up on the other side.

Seeing his advantage, Lionel redoubled his efforts, and after twice wounding his antagonist, dealt so quick and heavy a blow on his helmet that he staggered several paces back, and fell heavily to the ground.

"Confess thy treason or die!" cried Lionel, raising his bright sword, to strike.

"Villain, forbear! Harm him at thy soul's sprang!" cried Isabella, passionately, as she sprang from her seat, and pointing to the victim, continued, addressing a party of armed men at one of the gates.

"Fulfil your sworn promise, do I to pieces! Upon him!"

Before the men addressed could understand, or remember their duty, another squire, leading the white palfrey, burst through their midst, and made up to Lionel.

At the same moment, the first squire, leading his charger, galloped up on the other side.

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solemn in his look and tone, "that ring had well nigh been my ruin—ay, and my soul's ruin too; and yet" (and a half-smile flashed suddenly across his face)—"and yet it was not my ruin, but my making; and if it hadn't been for that ring, neither you nor the dear lady that's just gone would have seen the light."

I sat looking at him, listening to him, too much amazed for words.

He noticed my bewildered, half-frightened glances.

"Miss Hester, do you care to hear an old man's tale? I have never told it even to my daughter; and I don't suppose there's one living in the place even to guess at it now. They kept it dark for me, and it all died out long ago. But I'm willing to tell it to you, for the sight of that ring seems to open my heart."

"Yes, tell me—pray, tell me," I said impatiently.

He sat silent for a few minutes, with hands clasped upon his knees, gazing into the fire, then he turned his eyes on me and spoke slowly, as though recollecting gradually the distant past.

"I was turned twenty, but I still lived at home with my father and mother, not here in the village, but in an old house half a mile down the Hilbury Road. My father was a carpenter, and had brought me up to the trade, and he let me manage things pretty much my own way, though I was but a lad. I used to think the reason he so seldom crossed me was, lest I should get a fancy for roaming, for my mother had fretted sorely when my brother Josiah listed for a soldier, and they had buried two children in Hilbury churchyard. Anyhow, it seemed as though they could never make enough of me. I was a likely young fellow, strong and hearty, a good hand at my work, and for climbing or wrestling, there were few in the country side could beat me. Ah, well, they were blithe days, when I stood but in hand by my wicket on the green, or straddled by the river side with Margaret Leigh! I would not have changed places with a king then! We were to be married one day, Margaret and I, and though the day was some way off, we were young, hopeful, and content to wait. But I don't know why I should trouble you with all our foolish fancies and schemes—only I'm loath to go on to the dark time when the tide turned; for turn it did. First of all, my mother fell ill, and most of her careful savings went to pay the doctor. All through one dreary winter, she hardly left her bed; and when the spring came, and she was beginning to get about again, there came a run of ill-luck in our trade. One of our best men left us, and took work under a carpenter who had just set up in Hilbury, and had drawn off many of our customers. Then we made a venture in a stock of wood that turned out badly, and, worst of all, father cut his wrist, and couldn't so much as lift a tool; and so we went down, down, till sometimes I used to wonder how long, if matters didn't mend, we might have food to eat or a roof to cover us. And Margaret too—poor Margaret—Margaret and I would be as happy as the day was long, married and settled in the dear old house. But bah! What rubbish all this was, when the ring would be in the squire's vault to-morrow night, and we were like to be on the parish before many months were over our heads. When I had come to this, I had come also to the strife leading into the fire wood. I would not give myself time for any more such fancies, so I put my best foot foremost, and soon was clear of the wood, and tramping along the raised path that led to my father's door.

"The old people were very low that night, for they felt the mistress's loss all the more for their own troubles. 'They say it was quite sudden, Phil,' my father said, as he cut the cheese and passed my mug of beer. 'Mr. Stark the butler was down in the village this afternoon, and he said she had only been ill for three days, and no one

thought of danger till an hour or two before she died. The squire would have sent off then for some grand doctor, but just as the groom was starting, she died, all in a minute as it were.' 'She isn't much changed, is she, Phil?' my mother asked. 'I didn't half talk like talking about her, but I made shift to answer pretty quietly: 'No, not a bit. Except for her being so white and still, you'd scarcely know she was dead; but I'm just tired out, so I think I'll be off to bed,' and I left them together, and climbed up the steep staircase to my attic.

"I was tired enough, but I couldn't sleep. Even when I did drop off for a few minutes, it was only into a confused dream, in which I always saw that ring. Now I was digging for it in a huge heap of shavings; now I was in church with Margaret, and the parson would not read the marriage service for us till I put the ring on her finger, and now I was buried, pressed down by the damp stifling earth, but holding it tight. I got up at last in the early dawn, and pushing my window open, leaned out for a breath of air. I thought it was the close hot room that had oppressed me, and I threw on my clothes, and went down to the river for a bath; but when I got there, I didn't care to go into the water, and sat down instead upon the bank, staring at the ripples for a good hour. I didn't fight against my fancies now. The temptation had put me, body and soul. Ah, well! I didn't know them, as I do now, that it's the first thoughts which do the harm. If a man once lets himself go on thinking of what he ought to drive out of his mind at once, he's lost. He can't get rid of his ugly notions afterwards. When I walked away from the river, I was a changed man, hardened and reckless. That day was not like other days. The tiny little village looked dull enough with the shop-windows closed, and the people, each with some bit of black about them, standing loitering at the street corners, watching for the funeral procession. My father and mother went to the churchyard, but I had to be up at the Hall. It was a very quiet, simple business. When the old banker at Hilbury had been buried the year before, there had been twice as many carriages and plumes; but the squire had always hated fuss and show, and he was too heavy-hearted now to think of anything but his own grief. His sister was there, and my brother, and one or two cousins, and these, with the doctor and the parson, and some of the old servants, made the whole party, except the little fair-haired boy who held his father's hand when they went down into the vault—that same vault, Miss Hester, in which your own mother was laid but yesterday. You know where it is in the churchyard, not a stone's throw from the chancel windows. Well, it was all over, and the heavy stone had been let fall again, and when the crowd scattered, there was scarcely a dry eye among them.

"We went home by and by, and the shutters were taken down, and father and I sat down to our bench; but somehow, neither of us were in the mood for work. He never did much now, though he liked to potter about among his tools, and watch all that went on. To-day, he soon put them by, and stood leaning over the half-door looking down the street, while I planed and hammed, or sat idly twirling the fast rule between my fingers. 'Ah, lad, you're not much heart for carpentering to-day,' my father said at last, as he turned his head and caught sight of my listless figure; 'but there'll be more need for work than ever there was, for we always I new where to look for help before, and I doubt the squire will not be much at the Hall now.' 'Maybe not,' I made answer, and then I got up and

walked straight away to the lathe. I didn't want to talk or be talked to, for a strange savage feeling had got hold of me, and I was half afraid of myself. So the day wore on, and the evening came, and my mother looked into the workshop, and bade me come to supper. When it was over, father reached down his pipe from the mantel shelf. He and I mostly had a smoke together on the green in the twilight, and I saw that he was waiting for me, but I did not mean to go out with him to-night; so I spoke up in a dogged kind of way and said: 'I promised to get over to Kettlethorpe, to take the order for that linen-press; there'll be time to get there and back before dark.' 'Nay, nay, my lad,' father answered; 'sure there's no such haste.' 'Yes, there is,' and I spoke the more sharply, as I saw father's wondering look. 'It won't do to let a job slip into Gleig's hands, for want of looking after it ourselves.' 'Well, well;' and the old man made no more objections, for I think he saw that my mind was made up. At the door, I turned to say: 'Don't you sit up, mother, I may be late, if I happen to light on Tom Hill.' 'You ain't going to the public, Phil?' she asked anxiously. 'I can't tell,' says I, and shut to the door, just hearing father's words: 'Let the lad alone, missus; he'll come to no harm, as I tramped up-stairs. I had something to do before I went out, and I wanted to do it quietly.'

"So I waited up there till I saw my father strolling, pipe in mouth, toward the green, and knew by the clattering plates that my mother was washing up in the back-kitchen, and then I went softly down, and through the wood-yard to the workshop. Once in there, I turned the key, and looked about me. Some tools were lying on the bench, and from these I chose two or three—a sharp screw-driver, a hammer, and a wedge. Then I went to a cupboard, and pushing back some boxes and parcels, came upon an old dark-lantern that had stood there untouched for perhaps a dozen years. I had to look in another closet for a bit of candle and some matches; but I had them all at last, tied up the tools and lantern in a scrap of matting, slipped the candle and matches in my pocket, unlocked the workshop door, and then crossing it, went out with my bundle in my hand by a side-door at the opposite end, which led, not into the village street, but into a cart-track, hardly ever used, and then into a paddock, so struck into high hedges. There was no one in sight as I ran across the paddock, and so struck into the sandy lane—you know it well, Miss Hester—which runs along by the churchyard wall. In two minutes more, I was over the wall, and skirting it inside. At the corner close by, I knew there were some loose stones. I knelt down by these, pushed aside two or three, laid my parcel down between them, and piled the stones carefully up again, so that they hid it. Then I looked cautiously all round, to be sure that I was not seen, and vaulting over the low wall, slid down the steep green bank. Now I could breathe again, for I didn't care who met me, I went round by the sexton's house, which stood near the churchyard gate, but I did not go in there; I only looked well at it, and at the little outhouse hard by, as I passed, and then I was away over the moors to Kettlethorpe. I walked fast, not whistling, not thinking, only trying to get over the ground as quickly as I could. My business was soon done, but yet it was quite dark when I turned my face homeward—darker than usual, for the moon was young, and the driving clouds hid the stars. I heard the church clock strike ten as I crossed the last bit of level ground, and began to make my way down the slope toward the village.

"I wasn't in a hurry now, though the night-wind blew chill in my face, and made me shiver; I sat down on a tuft of damp grass and watched till one by one the lights in the village beneath died out. When the last glimmer of candle-light was gone from the sexton's windows just below me, I started up, and half ran, half scrambled down the hillside. This time, I stopped by the wicket-gate that led into the sexton's garden, lifted the latch silently, and stole across the grass, not to the cottage door, but to the little shed beyond, and stepping in, I felt cautiously with my hand along the wall. Yes, there stood the spade and pickaxe as I had seen them two hours ago. It was the pickaxe I wanted; and lifting it on to my shoulder, I crept back, over the little grass plot, and out into the lane. Dark as it was, I felt as if a hundred eyes were watching me then. Panting, and with shaking knees, I climbed up the bank, and over the churchyard wall, and groped my way to the corner where I had left my tools. By the dim moonlight, I could just see the white heap of stones, but it took me a long while to find my parcel. I had it at last, and with it in one hand, and the pickaxe in the other, I struck across the churchyard to—the vault. You know now what I meant to do. I was going to rob the dead."

"I stumbled twice over the low foot-stones, which I could not see. Once I fell, bruising my knee; but I got there at last. If I hadn't known the place so well, I should hardly have been able to find it; but I had taken my bearings that morning, and I could just see the sharp point of the marble monument standing out against the gray sky. The stone I had to lift was not many inches off, and stooping down, I felt for it upon the ground. I soon found the rough edge, more by my fingers than my eyes, and then I knew whereabouts to stick in my pickaxe. When I had done this, the loose soil round so lately disturbed made my work easy enough, and though it cost me a tough strain, I had the stone up before you could count a hundred. I did not wait a moment. I was like one possessed as I went on hands and knees down the narrow slippery stone steps into the vault. I was scared enough, and though the perspiration was running down my face, I was all of a cold shiver. But yet I verify that if anybody had come upon me, I should have killed them. There was just a glimmer of light thrown into the vault from the opening above, but not enough for me. It helped me, however, to push back the side of my lantern, and stick my bit of candle, and then I groped my way on to the farthest side of the vault, and struck a match. It fizzed, blazed up, and went out. With a muttered oath—it wasn't often that I swore, but I did then—I tried another, and this time it kept alight till the wick of the candle caught, and showed the vaulted roof and the dark row of coffins within.

"I closed up the lantern, and stuck it in the hole under the stone floor. I did not want to look at them. I closed up the lantern, and putting it on the ground with its light side towards the one coffin I wanted, I went back to the steps, to find out if there was any glimmer to be seen above. No, I was safe as far; no spark of light shone there. Now for my screw-driver. If only I

could do the work silently enough! The first noise of my effort was startling, and I scarcely dared try another; but I remembered that the vault lay deep, and that there were no houses within a furlong of it. At any rate, I was in for it now, and I got used to the sound as I bent desperately to my task. The oaken lid had been tightly screwed, I knew, but that once open, the business was done—for the time had been too short to make a leaden coffin also. Screw after screw came out, and yet there were more. All at once, I fancied I heard a sound above, and my heart stopped beating, and I stood still as the dead around me, grasping the hammer in my hand. It came again, and I knew it this time for the shriek of the night-owl in the church-tower. If I could but have wrung its neck for the fright it had given me! To work again: more screws; and now the last was out, and I could move the heavy lid.

"I threw back the lace-covering from the body, and the glimmer of the lantern fell on the dead face, unchanged as on that first day when I had gone up to the Hall. I turned to say: 'Don't you sit up, mother, I may be late, if I happen to light on Tom Hill.' 'You ain't going to the public, Phil?' she asked anxiously. 'I can't tell,' says I, and shut to the door, just hearing father's words: 'Let the lad alone, missus; he'll come to no harm, as I tramped up-stairs. I had something to do before I went out, and I wanted to do it quietly.'

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Lazy Man.

By THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

The lazy man is nearly always good-natured. He never flies into a passion. He might crawl into one, if that were possible, but the idea of his flying into anything is preposterous.

Whoever heard of a lazy man breaking into a bank, where a crowbar had to be used, or drilling into a safe? Nobody. Not that he might not covet his neighbor's goods therein contained, but his horror of handling crowbars and drills would always deter him from actually committing burglary. He never runs away with his neighbor's wife, simply on account of the horror he has of running. If he is ever known to run it is run to seed.

He rarely lies about his neighbors, for it would be too much exertion, but he can lie about a bar room all day.

He is of inestimable service to a billiard saloon, keeping the chairs warm and watching the game, for few would care to play were there no spectators. The fact that he does this without pay, day in and day out, shows the unselfishness of his nature. What an industrious man, who considers his time worth something, would want pay for, the lazy man generally does for nothing, showing a freedom from mercenary motives that should go far to his credit.

The lazy man never gets up revolutions, insurrections or other popular excitements, and don't make a nuisance of himself by tramping around the country making incendiary speeches to promote public discontent.

In his own neighborhood he is never a busy body in other people's affairs, for the very idea of being a busy body at anything would drive him out of his head. By the way, if he ever got out of his head, you would have to drive him out, for he wouldn't have the energy to go out of his own accord.

No lazy man ever ran mad. If he went crazy, it was because he couldn't go any where else without walking.

Lazy men don't disturb the quiet of peaceful neighbors by putting up factories, furnaces, and such abominations.

Finally, lazy men don't get up base-ball clubs, which, if nothing else could be said in their favor, ought, in these days of excessive base-bawling, to entitle them to public gratitude. —Cincinnati Times.

An Ungracious Reply.

A young man had gained access to the house of one of the richest and most aristocratic families in Paris. He fell in love with the only daughter of the house, tried to ingratiate himself with her in every possible manner, and especially always brought her the latest publications. One day the father of the young lady came home at an earlier hour than usual; the ladies were still on the promenade. On the table lay M. de Camors, Octave Feuillet's latest novel. In order to while away his time, the old gentleman takes the book, about which he has heard a great deal, and commences glancing over it. He is surprised to find a number of the words underlined with a lead pencil, not "beautiful passages," but insignificant words, such as "I," "you" or "and." He turns over one leaf, two leaves, three leaves, and finds everywhere the same thing. Suddenly an idea occurs to him, for fathers having beautiful daughters are exceedingly keen-sighted in certain matters. He tried to connect the underlined words, and his petrified eyes read as follows: "Dearest Malenomiselle—Will it—insult you if—I tell you that I—adore and—in short a love letter of the most gushing description, and closing with the suggestive words: "Answer in the next chapter." "Wait, you rascal," cries the father, "I will give you your answer." So saying, he takes a lead pencil, underlines some words in the next chapter, wraps the book in a piece of paper, and hands it to his footman, whom he instructs to take it back to the sentimental young gentleman. The latter opens the volume, his heart throbbing like a sledge hammer, and—Oh, joy! finds that words are underlined in the next chapter. He reads as follows: "If you—impudent puppy—dare again cross the threshold of my house—I shall kick you out of the window."

Duties of Elders.

Rev. John Hancock, one of the earlier preachers in Lexington, was an eccentric man. Two of his parishioners wished to become elders in the church, and called to suggest their willingness to accept this responsible position. "Well," said Mr. Hancock, "the duties of elders have never, heretofore, been very well defined in the church, but latterly they have settled down to this—the younger elder is to brush down and harness the pastor's horse when he wishes to ride out, and the elder elder is to accompany the pastor when he goes out of town and pay his expenses. I should like very well to have such officers chosen." The gentlemen being taken somewhat by surprise, let the subject subside, and made no further effort for the choice of elders.

Maxims for Young Ladies.

Don't scream unless you are frightened. A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind. It is a fine silk that knows no turning. Practice (on the piano) makes perfect. The true test of a man's temper is to keep him waiting ten minutes for his dinner. Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity—or young man. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your faint. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion.

The hand that can make a pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.

My Half of Mamma.

"Now," said papa, "you little boys must stay right here and play till I come back, and not go into mamma's room, because she has a headache. You must see to Henry and keep him here, Eddy." "Yes, sir, I will," said Eddy, who was about three hairs taller than his brother. Pretty soon from her bedroom mamma heard Henry begin to tease to go and see her. "No, you can't go; I shan't let you," said Eddy, stoutly. "But I only just want to go in and kiss her; that is all," teased Henry. "I shan't let you kiss her. She is my mamma, and I shan't let you," repeated Eddy. "Well, half of her is my mamma, too, and I want to go—so poor that I don't understand a word of any language but my own."



"BONNET, a Covering for the Head."—Johnson.

INQUISITIVE PARENT (inspecting milliner's bill):—"By the way, my dear, I see there are bonnets charged for here. I never see you wear any!"

A LOVE MATCH.

I am happy; I do not show it. You say; but I have my will At last, and if we two know it, It is better to be quite still.

Once I set my face as a flint, Once I sharpened my tongue like a sword; Then I battled and did not stint, Now, now I have my reward—

In the peace that has nothing to tell, In the life that has only to live; We know one another so well, The rest we know too, and forgive.

What is it you wish us to say? Or to do? Is it rapture you miss? Should we always be fainting away, In your sight, in an exquisite kiss?

Do not think we have secrets to hide, Or a treasure we fear will be spent; I have all when I sit by his side, There is no more in love to invent.

A hush more sweet than I sought Has fallen on him and on me; You ask, is it all as I thought? No, why should I wish it to be?

Would I barter the trance of noonday For the stormy glimpses of morn, And the height of the level highway For steep thickets of flowering thorn?

Though the flowers unplucked lie behind, The white sun goes shining before, Where we follow and drink up the wind That pants to a far away shore.

But you think we shall weary too, When the weary sun sinks from the skies; But the twilight will come, and the dew Will fall like a seal on our eyes.

Do not think that I find it lonely In the hush of the hot sunbeam; Though the child at my breast seems only A dream growing out of a dream.

G. A. SIMCOX.

Men Wanted.

The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither flag nor run. Men that neither flinch nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong. Men too large for sectarian bonds. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged, till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who know their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for.

The Red Sea.

The Red Sea is to be the hottest place in the world. The atmosphere for about sixty miles in that sea is steamy and sticky. Everything in the shape of iron or steel about a ship takes on a coat of rust. During the summer months no one travels on the Red Sea unless compelled by business or military orders to do so. In the winter and spring the passage is delightful. Yet navigation in that body of water is always attended with many dangers. The Red Sea is long and narrow, with sunken rocks and projecting reefs; and counter winds prevail, which produce dangerous currents. There are three light-houses in the sea, which must be kept by salamander-like men, since the thermometer runs up to one hundred and twenty degrees in July, and approaches ninety in early spring.

A POOR SCHOLAR.—An eccentric gentleman, who was always liberal in his aid to unfortunate persons of education, being applied to for assistance by a young man who represented himself as a "poor scholar," put him a question in Latin, which the applicant not understanding, the gentleman exclaimed, "Why, did not you say you were a poor scholar?" "Yes," replied the young man, "and so I am a very poor one, indeed—so poor that I don't understand a word of any language but my own."

AGRICULTURAL.

Large Farms.

We, in this part of the country, have very limited ideas of farming as compared to some of the Western states.

A writer in the *Prairie Farmer*, Chicago, has been giving an account of a few of the farms which he has lately visited. One in Champaign county, called "Broadlands," contains 20,000 acres, or seven by six miles. This was owned by J. M. Sullivan, who wanted a bigger farm, and has sold it to John Alexander, and purchased one of 40,000 in Ford county. On the Broadlands farm there are this season 5,000 acres in corn and a large quantity in oats. There are now 4,000 head of cattle on the place—divided into small herds of 500 each. Many miles of hedge have been set. This is being extended every year.

Hickory Grove is the name of a farm of 26,000 acres in Benton county, Indiana. This is entirely prairie, except a magnificent hickory grove. A grove of twenty acres of poplar has been planted, and another of maples is to be planted. Thirteen thousand acres are under post and board fence, making forty-two miles. Seventy miles of Osage Orange hedge have been started on the place, and preparations are making for setting a large amount more next season. There are about 4,000 head of cattle on this farm. They are divided into herds of from 500 to 700, and kept in pastures of from 2,000 to 2,000 acres. A part of them are herded outside of the used portions in the daytime, and driven within for the night. Four years ago this farm was an unbroken prairie. A farm adjoining the above contains 12,000 acres, and is devoted to stock raising, and another of 8,000 is occupied in the same way.

In the Wabash Valley there are many farms from 1,000 to 3,000 acres, on which stock raising is carried on with eminent success. The cattle are represented as in fine condition, and perfect health, and their sleek and glossy coats shine in the sun like silver.

Items.

—A plant thrives better where the air is "foul" with fertility. Malarious districts are often—and may we not say generally?—the richest. Afterwards, when cultivation has progressed, they are less fruitful, while the air is more healthy. It was in the carboniferous period that vegetation was the most luxuriant. The air, then, was highly charged with carbon, and with other matter deleterious to animal life, but favorable to vegetation.

—Few have constant and abundant supply of small fruits. All might have who cultivate water. Strawberries, currants, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries and cherries, will supply the table every day in the year with wholesome fruit.

—Setting hens can be cured by putting water in a vessel to the depth of one inch, putting the hen into it, and covering the top of the vessel for about twenty-four hours. The vessel should be deep enough to allow the fowl to stand up. This is the best remedy I have ever tried.

—Flax seed occasionally given to horses or cattle, will make them shed their old hair—and whether old or young, soon get sleek and fat. It is the only thing which will fatten some old horses. So says an exchange.

—A Kentuckian writes to the North-Western Farmer that of a lot of telegraph poles put up in Kentucky, the chestnut rotated first, the cedar gave way next, the locust stood five years longer and were still nearly sound.

—Mr. Lewis, of Schuyler, N. Y., stated at a meeting of the Little Falls Farmers' Club that he had a meadow which by top dressing produced twenty different kinds of grass, and he would not have it ploughed for \$100 per acre.

—A Merino ram belonging to L. Noble, gave a fleece of wool weighing 24 lbs. 2 oz., and gave 9 lbs. 3 oz. of cleaned wool as certified to by the manufacturers who cleansed it. This is considerably the largest scoured for the \$10 kind.

—To take rust out of steel, rub well with sweet oil, and let the oil remain upon them for forty-eight hours. Then rub with leather sprinkled with unslaked lime, finely powdered, and all the rust disappears.

—Never train or support a plant in an unnatural position. Climbers should not be turned into trailers, nor trailers into climbers. Plants of a low spreading habit should not be forced to assume an upright position, and upright plants should not be compelled to sprawl on the ground.

RECEIPTS.

SPICED BEEF IN THE IRISH STYLE.—To a round weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds, take a pint of salt, one ounce of saltpetre, two ounces of pepper, two ounces of cloves, one ounce of allspice, four ounces of brown sugar, all well pulverized, and mixed together; rub the round well with it, and lay it in a small tub or vessel by itself. Turn and rub it once a day for ten days. It will not injure if it remain a week longer in the spices, if it should not be convenient to bake it. When you wish to have it cooked, strew over the top of the round a small handful of suet. Be particular to bind it tight round with a cord, or narrow strip of muslin, which must be wrapped several times round to keep it in shape; put it in a dutch-oven, and add three pints of water when it is first put down; keep water boiling in the tea-kettle, and add a little as it seems necessary, observing not to add too much. It will require a slow heat, and take four hours to bake.

—This is a very fine standing dish, and will be good for three weeks after cooking. Keep the gravy that is left to pour over it to keep moist.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—Put loppered milk in a kettle, and set it on the stove where it will heat gradually, until the curd all settles. Do not let it get too hot, or the curd will be too hard. Then pour it into a thin cloth-strainer; hang it up and let it drain until sufficiently dry; then put it into a pan or other vessel; make it fine with the hands; add a little cream if you wish it in balls; or, if you like it soft to dish out with a spoon, add more thin cream; and salt to suit the taste, or no salt, just as you please.

ANOTHER METHOD.—Put your milk in a large pan or other vessel, and pour boiling water in it; stirring it constantly meanwhile to prevent its scaling in lumps, until it is about as hot as you can bear your hand in it; let it stand a few minutes to settle, and then pour off the water; and if it is not sufficiently hard, pour in a little more; after which proceed as with the other.

THE RIBBLED.

Riddle.

I am composed of 4 letters.

My 4, 2, 1, is a play thing.

My 3, 4, 2, 1, is a period.

My 1, 2, 1, is a river in Southern Europe.

My 3, 2, 4, is a degraded creature.

My 1, 2, 4, is a useful domestic article.

My whole is an old and valued friend in thousands of families, and one of the best and most instructive known.

Baltimore, Md.

EMILY.

Algebraical Problem.

And B borrowed \$2,000 each for a certain length of time—at the expiration of which A, who agreed to allow compound interest, had \$2,315.25 to pay; but the debt of B, who was to pay simple interest only, amounted to but \$2,300. Required—the length of time, and the rate per cent of interest allowed.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

ANSWER. An answer is requested.

Problem.

Two persons were comparing their ages together, when the older said to the younger: "It appears that there is 50 years difference in our ages, and that the square of the years of my age is 39 more than 10 times the square of the years of your age." What were their respective ages?

PERCIVAL JARRETT.

ANSWER. An answer is requested.

Conundrum.

WHY is the letter D like a wedding ring? Ans.—Because we cannot be wed without it.

WHY are the fair sex like the letter L? Ans.—Because we cannot make love without them.

WHY is the letter W like a busybody? Ans.—Because it makes ill will.

WHY is the letter G like the sun? Ans.—Because it is the centre of light.

WHY is I the least eligible of the vowels? Ans.—Because it is the only one that is in-distinct.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Carbine. METAGRAM—Hope (Pope, Hebe, Hop.) RIDDLE—Emily.

ANSWER TO J. M. GREENWOOD'S PROBLEM OF JUNE 13TH—4 miles. J. M. Greenwood, and J. S. Phebus.

ANSWER TO E. P. NORTON'S PROBLEM OF JULY 4TH. The area is 334 sq. rds., the diameter of the circumscribing circle is 85 rds.; its area is 5675.51 rds.; the length of the diagonals are 77 and 84 rds., and cross each other at right angles. E. P. Norton. Area of the quadrilateral 20 acres, 34 perches. Diameter of the circumscribing circle 82 rds.; area of the same 35 acres, 74 plus perches. Length of diagonal A. C. 84 rds., and B. C. 77 rds.; they cross each other at right angles. J. N. Soders, C. A. Benjamin, D. M. and W. B. Mullin. Area of quadrilateral 3235.74 plus rds.; diameter of circumscribing circle 84 rds.; area of the same 5541.78 plus rds.; length of the two diagonals 76.8 plus, and 84.26 plus rds., crossing at right angles. S. S. Knox.

ANSWER TO W. H. MORROW'S PROBLEM OF JULY 11TH—3662 of distance between the bells from the second. W. H. Morrow, and